

Achilles

by The Frustrated Witch

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Erase that smug on your face.

You need not to pretend, I know
you are strong and I will always be
the weakling that you will carry.

As you wash the blood on your hands.

I could almost taste its metallic
bitterness where you often plunge while I
watch in melancholic fascination.

Achilles, lay with me tonight.

I yearn to touch those calloused hands
and untangle your flaxen strands...

The only help I could offer.

At passions' height I sense your weakness,
your need, your ache, your hunger.

I hold your heel.

Erase that smug on your face.